

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 36.—No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MISS LOUISA VINNING begs to announce that she has REMOVED to 127, Albany-street, Regent's-park, where all communications respecting engagements may be addressed.

WANTED.—A GOOD CORNET PLAYER for a Militia Regiment. Terms, 25s. to 30s. per week. Apply to Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

WANTED by a young man, twenty-one years of age, who has just completed his articles with a country music-seller, a situation in a London publishing-house. He has a good knowledge of music, and is a good tuner. Apply by letter, addressed S. W., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, and **MR. CHARLES BRAHAM** (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, Manager.

A CATALOGUE OF INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL MUSIC Sacred and Secular, and of Books relating to music, is now ready. On the 26th, a Catalogue of Books (Part 199) on all subjects, but more especially connected with English History; both gratis and post-free. John Petheram, 94, High Holborn.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

THE ORGAN now standing in the FREE TRADE HALL, Manchester.—Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine beg to intimate that the above Instrument will be sold a bargain, as its immediate removal is requisite preparatory to the erection of the Grand Organ built by them for the Art Treasures' Exhibition. Apply to Kirtland and Jardine, Organ Builders, Manchester.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED (late Miss P. Horton) will repeat their entertainment every evening (except Saturday) at 8 Saturday afternoon at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s., secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co's, 201, Regent-street.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has the honor to announce that he will give TWO SOIREE'S OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC at the Beethoven Rooms, in March. To commence on Wednesday, the 10th. The soirees will consist of works by Beethoven, Mozart, Clementi, and Mendelssohn. Subscription to the series, half-a-guinea; single tickets, 7s. To be had at the music-sellers'; and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at her residence, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, on Tuesday evening, March 2, at half-past 8 precisely (to terminate about a quarter to 11). The Programme will include—Sonata in D (piano and violin), Mozart; Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 39 (piano solo), Weber; Fantasia, on Fuga in D major (piano solo) (Book 9 of Gripenker's "Complete Edition of the Pianoforte Works of J. S. Bach"); Bach; 8-mat. in E, Op. 109 (piano solo), Beethoven; and Grand Trio in C minor, No. 2 (piano, violin, and violoncello), Mendelssohn. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, M. Sinton; violoncello, M. Pague. Tickets (10s. 6d.) to be had only of Miss A. Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—LAST NIGHTS.—PICCOLOMINI, SANNIER, SPEZIA, BELLETTI, VIALETTI, ALDIGHIERI, LUCHESE, VIALETTI. Tuesday, February 23 (last night but two).—LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO and last act of LA FAVORITA, and L'HYMENEE. Thursday, February 25 (last night but one).—LA ZINGARA (being the Italian version of Balfe's opera of "The Bohemian Girl"). Saturday, February 27 (last night).—IL TROVATORE and L'HYMENEE. Prices.—Pit stalls, 12s. 6d.; boxes (to hold four persons), pit and one pair, £2 2s.; grand tier, £3 3s.; two pair, £1 5s.; three pair, 15s.; gallery boxes, 10s.; gallery stalls, 3s. 6d.; gallery, 2s.; pit, 3s. 6d. Each representation will commence at eight o'clock. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the box-office of the Theatre.

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Registers are kept for the gratuitous inspection of Managers, containing entries of the names of vocal and instrumental artists wanting engagements, with all necessary particulars, &c.

MUSICAL REFERRES.—M. W. Balfe, Esq., Cork-street, Burlington-gardens; Signor Schira, 17, Princes-street, Hanover-square; Jules Bendict, Esq., 2, Manchester-square.

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OFFICE HOURS FROM ELEVEN TO FOUR.

MAPLESON AND CO., Musical Agency, Clarence Chambers, 12, Haymarket, have negotiated the following engagements during the past week. Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Poole, Mdlle. Finoli, Miss Fanny Huddart, Madame Borchardt, Madame Poma, Mrs. Henry Chatfield, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Miranda, Mr. Henry Halsey, Herr Deck, Signor Dragone, Mr. Wino, Mr. Allan Irving, Mr. Bartleman, for the Alhambra Palace; also, Miss Fanny Huddart for Glasgow; Mdlle. Finoli, Brighton, Hereford, Liverpool, &c.; Mr. Horace Vernon, Manchester, Liverpool, Hereford, &c.; Signor Dragone, Hereford, Brighton, Ipswich, &c.; Mr. Bartleman, ditto; Mr. George Perren, Glasgow; M. Cunio, Hereford, Manchester, Liverpool, &c. Signor Randegger, Signor Vianesi, and 100 choristers, also extra band of 46, for the Alhambra Palace.

LAMOTTE'S TRAVIATA GALOP, performed at Her Majesty's State Ball by Weippert's Band. Price, 2s. Band parts nearly ready. Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street.

CONCERT SEASON, 1858.—NOTICE.—C. M. SHEE respectfully intimates to the Musical Profession that he has removed to 2, Beak-street, Regent-street, where he continues the arrangement of concerts (public or private) at his usual moderate charges. A most injurious practice has been adopted during many past seasons of employing incompetent persons for the management of Concerts, &c. C. M. Shee earnestly solicits all artists who purpose giving Musical Entertainments, to apply to him at 2, Beak-street, Regent-street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE Directors of the ST. JAMES'S HALL COMPANY (limited) beg to state the Great Hall will be inaugurated by a GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, on Thursday, the 25th, and Saturday, the 27th days of March next, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

The Great Hall can now be engaged for Grand Musical Performances, for Meetings of the various societies, and for other high-class purposes. Applications to be made to the Secretary, at the offices, 28, Piccadilly, W.

By order of the Board.

GEORGE LESLIE, Secretary.

18 February, 1858.

THE ST. JAMES'S RESTAURANT, in connection with the St. James's Hall will be shortly opened, and is intended to supply one of the great wants of London in the shape of a Restaurant of the very highest class. Accommodation can be given for large dinners of the various societies. There are two large dining saloons, which will be opened daily to the Public, and a number of separate rooms, looking upon Regent-street, for private parties.

69, 71, and 73, Regent-street, Quadrant,

18, February, 1858.

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* The English version of the words is by JOHN OXFORD, Esq.

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"We do not remember any work of a similar kind, in which the modulations are more beautiful than in this composition of M. Meyerbeer. The *entrée* of the parts in imitation, which occurs towards the middle of the Prayer, could not have been effected in a more masterly manner; indeed throughout the piece the hand of a consummate harmonist, and a composer who has studied every resource of his art, is visible.

"M. Meyerbeer's setting of the 'Lord's Prayer' has already been sung by the choir of the Banquet's Chapel, Lincoln's Inn, London, under the able direction of Mr. J. Pittman; and it will, no doubt, be adopted, as it deserves to be, by all the principal metropolitan and provincial choirs."—*Liverpool Mail*.

THIS HOUSE TO LOVE IS HOLY (*adieu aux jeunes mariés*), Serenade for eight voices, (3 sopranos, 2 contraltos, 2 tenors, and 2 basses) without accompaniment .. s. d. 3 6

NEAR TO THEE (*Près de toi*), for voice, piano, and violoncello .. 4 0
HERE, HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN RECLINING (*Le chant du Berger*), for voice, piano, and clarinet, or harmonium .. 4 0

N.B.—The above two songs, with French and German words, each 4s. as well as the collection, in 8vo form, of Meyerbeer's "Quarante Mélodies à une et à plusieurs voix," with piano accompaniment, 12s., may be obtained of Messrs. D. DAVISON AND CO.

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"Come, ladies, come," chamber trio, for soprano, mezzo, and contralto, ditto .. 2 6
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"The formation and cultivation of the voice for singing," ditto .. 8 0
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"When I was young," by Ernest Bruce .. 2 6
"When first you shone before me," ditto .. 2 0
"THE TWO SMILES," for a contralto voice, by G. A. MACFARREN .. 1 0
"AT EARLY DAWN'S DAWNING," by S. GROSVENOR .. 1 0
"IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI," anthem for voices and organ, by ditto .. 3 0

In the Press.

"TO-MORROW," ballad for voice and piano, by Charles J. Hargitt.

VOICE, PIANO, AND VIOLIN OR FLUTE.

"MOURNFULLY, SING MOURNFULLY," by G. Cruwell, Op. 31 .. 2 6

VOICE, PIANO, AND VIOLONCELLO OR VIOLA.

"WHERE IS THE SEA," by G. Cruwell, Op. 32 .. 3 0

VOICE, PIANO, AND HORN OR VIOLONCELLO.

"WHEN OVER THE MEADOWS GREEN," by E. Vivier .. 3 0

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

"CLARICE," Morceau de Concert, (played by Miss Arabella Goddard) .. 4 0
"A SUMMER'S DAY," Romance, by Eugène Moniot .. 3 0
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THREE LIEDER OHNE WORTE for the piano, by C. J. Hargitt.

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Transcribed in a popular form for the pianoforte.

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8. MEIN SCHATZERL IST HUBSCH (MY MISTRESS IS FAIR) .. 2 6
9. ABSCHIED (FAREWELL) .. 2 6
10. MEIN SCHATZ IST EIN REITER (MY LOVER IS A SOLDIER) .. 2 6
11. DAS ZERBROCHENE RINGLEIN (THE BROKEN RING) .. 2 6
12. SOLDATENLIED (THE SOLDIER'S SONG) .. 2 6

From "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

"Herr Gollmick, who is one of the most accomplished pianists and successful composers of the day, has produced a set of pianoforte pieces which will be found highly attractive, not only from the beauty of the airs themselves, but from the taste and skill with which he has treated them."

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"A sparkling and characteristic piece, likely to rival in popularity the notorious 'Pluie de Perles'."

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Polka .. 3 0	Fairy Dell .. 3 0
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MENDELSSOHN'S

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON,

With portrait by JOHN LYNN, and preface by the Editor.

From "THE DAILY NEWS."

"This cheap, compact, and most elegant edition of the thirty-six famous 'Lieder ohne Worte,' will be welcomed as a boon by every lover of Mendelssohn, not excepting such as already possess those exquisite pieces as they have been already published: for independently of the beauty of the volume, and the clearness and accuracy of the text, it has the further advantage of a preface by the accomplished editor, which every one who cherishes the memory of the lamented musician, will read with instruction and pleasure."

From "THE SPECTATOR."

"They are edited with great care and correctness, by an accomplished musician and critic, who has enriched the collection with an able and interesting preface."

From "THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES."

"Mr. J. W. Davison has studied Mendelssohn deeply and lovingly. A very interesting preface, from his pen, accompanies this volume."

BOOSEY AND SONS' MUSICAL LIBRARY, 24 & 28, HOLLES-STREET.

WOLFGANG AMADEE (NOT MOZART) IN RE HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,

I have observed in the "Musical World" the amiable criticism on the *Pensée Fugitive* of Mr. W. A. Beale. I am afraid the critic takes his conclusions as he does his steps—with a *chop*—eh? Mr. Beale is doubtless glad that his "Wolfgang Amadee" is *not* Mozart—that poor exploded old antique whose *Don Giovanni* only is alive and tolerable. I believe I know the Mendelssohn in F[♯] minor—I perceive no resemblance. Will Choppy suggest it? And I should be glad to know what medicine is good for "the health" of a 4—I don't see anything the

matter with it—never having taken lessons of—him? I like the 5th The E 2nd Treble ascend to F[♯] the B 1st Treble descends to a—The bass at contrary motion with the melody. Artistic and beautiful—pity the *real* Wolfgang Amadei (Mozart) never thought of it! But the wind-up pays for all. Richard Franz! I would have given a hundred for the compliment. It is the greatest that could have been paid—and only goes to prove that however partial donkies may be to their own and similar bray (*common* chords like Mozart to wit) still their long ears are capable of distinguishing the notes of the nightingale—or of the Spirit of the Rhine—when they hear them—*now*—for the first time—from the pen of an *Englishman*! Do M Editor provide a liberal and unbiassed critic—your present one has to get over the difficulties of Steibelt and Pleyel!

I am M Editor

your very humble Sert

The Editor of the Musical (Mozart) World.

W. G. F. Beale

[We gave, in our last number, a specimen or two of Mr. "Wolfgang Amadee" Beale's music. The above letter will show that his manners are about on a par. If in the first he violates the rules of good harmony, in the last he equally sets at nought the conventionalities of good breeding.—Ed. M. W.]

DR. FOWLE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—The inclosed advertisement will show you where Dr. Fowle received the degree of Mus. Doc.

It has often occurred to me that the Royal Academy of Music ought to be the institution for conferring musical degrees. Music, I believe, forms no part of an university education. While, therefore, we have a national institution devoted exclusively to the cultivation of music, it seems absurd that musical degrees should be conferred by institutions devoted exclusively to the cultivation of literature.

For your spirited crusade against the modern "virtuosi," and their sickly trash, you deserve the everlasting gratitude of all true musicians.—Yours, very truly, R. A. M.

[The following is the preliminary of the advertisement forwarded by R. A. M.:—

DR. FOWLE,

(Professor and Doctor of Music in the University of Giessen, and Organist of St. John's Church, Torquay),

BEGS to announce his arrival at Torquay, and that he will give LESSONS ON THE ORGAN, PIANOFORTE, AND SINGING.

It is unnecessary to print it in *extenso*.—Ed. M. W.]

LABLACHE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—With reference to the article on Signor Lablache, in your last number, I will merely mention the fact, that that great singer has performed in an opera of Signor Verdi's. In the *Musical World* for the year 1847 (page 480) you will find that Signor Lablache appeared

in *I Masnadieri*, in conjunction with M^{lle}. Jenny Lind, Signor Gardoni, etc. I am, Sir, yours very truly,

G. C.

[Our correspondent is quite right, but Verdi wrote the part in *I Masnadieri* especially for Lablache, which makes all the difference, and does not contradict in the main what is affirmed by the writer of the Memoir.—Ed.]

PARTIE NON-OFFICIELLE.

LE NOUVEAU PIFF-PAFF DE MOSSOO.

[FROM the amended version of *Les Huguenots*, as ordered by the *Moniteur* to be sung in future at all representations of that opera.

The Emperor knows nothing about it, and will be so sorry, you can't think, when he finds it has got into the Government organ.

Dedicated to those glorious French regiments who alone won the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and everything else in the Crimea, and are now coming over to take England.]

AIR—MARCEL.

A bas les sacrés Rosbifs!

Jean Bull à terre!

A bas leurs femmes à vendre!

Au feu Ley-cet-tere-squerre!

Au feu de Londres les murs,

Repaires impurs!

Les Anglais! Terrassons-les!

Frappons-les!

Piff! paff! pouf! Boxons-les!

Qu'ils pleurent,

Qu'ils meurent.

Mais grâce.....Goddam!

Jamais la France ne trembla

Aux plumes de Times?

Malheur au *Punch* perfide,

Qui vante les crimes.

Brisons Roebuck qui triche—

Qui spik Angleesh!

Docks, Lord-Mayor—cassez-les!

Chassez-les!

Piff! paff! pouf! Frappez-les!

Aff-an-Aff,

Portare—paff!

Mais grâce.....Goddam!

(Communiqué).

ELECTION OF ORGANIST FOR ST. LEONARD'S.

(From the *Shoreditch Observer*.)

WE understand that the committee appointed to make arrangements in the above matter have selected Mr. Turle, the organist at Westminster Abbey, as umpire, to select six persons to be returned to the ratepayers for their choice of one; and that on Monday next the first trial of all the candidates will take place in Shoreditch Church, at half-past nine; but we are not informed whether on this occasion it will be open to the public. The time of election will depend on the public Vestry, which will be held on Thursday, the 18th instant, at six o'clock in the evening.

[Query. Has Mr. Turle undertaken to peruse the applications, &c., of thirty-six candidates, and to select six for parochial canvas and election? It is said that the vicar objects to lady organists.]

THE HAGUE.—Ferd. Hiller's overture, *Ein Traum in der Christnacht* was performed at the second Diligentia Concert. In this composition there is an evident departure from the ordinary overture form. We would rather call it a "dramatic scene," represented in bright colours and sharp outlines. Its effect was excellent, and its reception by the public most favourable.—*Dutch Sheet*.

FLOTOW'S MARTHA.

(Translated from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

How strange is the history of some dramatic and lyric works! Here, for example, is an opera born of a ballet, which, in its turn, sprung from a *comédie-vaudeville*, the subject of which was derived from "memoirs." A composer, of German origin, but educated in the schools of France and Italy, M. de Flotow, in 1847, wrote a third of the music of the ballet entitled *Lady Henriette*. MM. Burgmüller and Deldevez composed the remainder. Recalled to his native country, where he held a high musical position, M. de Flotow bethought him of the ballet, and converted the subject into the text for an opera, of which he composed the entire partition. It was thus that *Lady Henriette*, which had its source in *Madame d'Égmont* and the *Memoires de Madame du Barry*, was transformed into *Martha*, and represented at Vienna for the first time, some ten years ago, with immense success, which has continued and increased up to the present time in all parts of musical Europe, and has even passed the Atlantic, for in America now, as in Germany, *Martha* is played in every town and city, and constitutes an integral part of the repertoires. Paris at last considered it time to produce the work; and the only question was to which of our theatres *Martha* would give the preference, and in what language she would like to speak. To her, in her quality of cosmopolite, the various idioms were indifferent. The Théâtre-Italien has had the merit and advantage of triumphing in this rivalry, and *Martha* has become its conquest, which, however, will not exclude it from the provincial theatres.

In the Italian opera, Lady Enrichetta suffers the same torments and abandons herself to the same caprice as Lady Henriette in the ballet. She disguises herself as a peasant, and joins the young girls who go to Richmond to seek masters and mistresses. She is accompanied by a friend disguised like herself and escorted by Lord Tristan of Mickelford, an uncouth cavalier, who conceals himself in the attire of a menial. Two young gentlemen, one of whom has something noble and melancholy in his air, while the other is frank and jovial in his manner, take notice of the two young girls, and offer to hire them. The bargain is concluded in presence of the sheriff; the young girls are engaged for twelve months, and the gentlemen carry them off to their farm, in spite of the protestations and outcries of Lord Tristan. Arrived at the farm of Lionel and Plunkett, Lady Enrichetta and her friend call themselves Martha and Betsy. They do not remain long, however, in their new habitation and in a situation so unworthy their rank. Thanks to Tristan, who brings them a coach, they make their escape the same night, leaving nothing behind them but a remembrance terrible and fatal, especially to poor Lionel, who is almost deprived of the use of his reason at the loss of her who has enslaved his heart. When next he beholds the pretended Martha, who reassumes her proper rank and character, he can hardly restrain himself. In the ballet Lionel loses his senses altogether, and is sent to Bedlam. The opera does not carry things to the same extremity. In the end the lady discovers that Lionel is the son and heir of an English peer, long exiled, but now, by the grace of the British Queen, restored to liberty and his possessions, and, all obstacles being removed, they are espoused. Plunkett at the same time is wedded to Betsy, and all terminates happily.

Doubtless this *libretto*, of which we have given but the merest sketch, furnished the composer with an excellent canvas. Variety of characters, sentiments, situations, costumes, playful coquetry and profound passion—all the elements, in short, of a musical drama supplied him with the colours he was to use in forming his picture. M. de Flotow acquitted himself of this task like a master initiated in all the secrets of his art. It was at Paris that his education was completed, and where he revealed himself in efforts in which might be traced the successive stations of his studies and his progress. At first he only wrote for an intimate circle of friends, and for theatres where money was not demanded for admission. Everywhere and always a melodist, each of his works was received with extreme favour. Youthful and fresh ideas were displayed

abundantly in them, and there were indications of an imagination and a style which were not slow in arriving at maturity. *L'Esclave du Camoens*, given at the Opéra-Comique, and *L'Ame en peine*, represented at the Grand-Opéra, exhibited the composer as approximating to that point of his career when his manner was as clearly his sign-manual as writing his name. Circumstances, however, did not permit M. de Flotow to await this period in France. He returned to Germany, and it was there that the great hour sounded for him, the hour of durable and popular success.

We have already said that *Martha* was produced about ten years since. The first representation took place towards the end of 1847. Herr Ander, the tenor, Herr Formes, the bass, and Madlle. Anna Zerr, created the principal characters. At Paris the work has been interpreted by Mario, Graziani, Zucchini, Mesdames St. Urbain and Nantier-Didé. One could not desire a better distribution of parts, and in spite of the substitution of a barytone for a bass, it might have been believed that each of the parts had been written with an especial eye to the artist who filled it.

In the German piece, as in the ballet, the action passes in the year 1710, under the reign of Queen Anne. The Italian *libretto* goes back two centuries, and places the epoch in the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, in the days when men wore shoes à la poulaine, when women endured gilded sugar-loafs for head-dresses, when it was the fashion to hunt with the falcon and with the lance. This chronological change possesses this advantage, that it adds to the verisimilitude of the national airs borrowed by the modern composer. "The Last Rose of Summer," one of the most ravishing of these melodies appropriated by M. Flotow with equal *finesse* and talent, has been made in some sort the musical pivot of the score. In the second act, when Martha finds herself *tête-à-tête* with Lionel, who begins to speak to her of love, and prays her to give him the rose she conceals in her bosom; the improvised servant consents to give it to him, and sings with a trembling voice the following words:—

"Qui sola, vergin rosa,
Come puoi tu fiorir?
Ancora mezzo ascosa
E presso già à morir."

From that moment the divine melody remains graven in the heart and memory of the tender Lionel. He sings it over and over again when Martha leaves him, and when he believes she is lost to him. And with what emotion he hears Martha repeat it, when he discovers her in the fourth act! And yet in the first instance he is afraid; he mistrusts himself; he only feels reassured and fully confident towards the end of the same act. Then his voice unites with that of Martha to breathe forth for the last time the sweet melody which assumes the character and expression of a nuptial song. To borrow, as M. de Flotow has done, is to create, and, besides, his whole score proves that he is sufficiently rich, in case of need, to lend to others.

The overture to *Martha* is a charming instrumental piece written with spirit, and of which the *allegro vivace* points out the country to which the drama is about to transport us. At the rising of the curtain Lady Enrichetta appears overcome with *ennui* in the midst of a chorus of women who partake of her sadness. The song of the servants who are going to market is heard. In a few minutes the project of the mad freak is conceived, put into execution, and we find ourselves in the market-place of Richmond, where all is animation and excitement. Nothing can be more exhilarating and more amusing than this sort of village fête, where farmers and servants intermingle and converse, and terminate their business without delay or embarrassment. The pathetic duo of Lionel and Plunkett is in good contrast with the noise and bustle which surround them, and the finale, in which is introduced a charming quartet, opens with an excellent chorus:—

"Ecco suona mezzodi
I mercato s'apre già."

The second act is far superior to the first. The two couples arrive at the farm-house, and the masters begin to show their servants what work they have to do. Two spinning-wheels are

brought forward, but the young girls are ignorant of their use. Neither Martha nor Betsy knows anything about rock or reel and their masters are obliged to teach them how to spin. This scene furnishes the subject for one of the prettiest quartets ever written for the stage. It was not only applauded but encored, and received a second time with loud and unanimous acclamation. Next comes the duo between Lionel and Martha, accompanied by the famous Irish melody, followed by a delightful *notturno*, in which masters and servants wish each other good night.

In the third act, we have to mention a very original air called the "Porter Song," which Plunkett sings while distributing the generous beverage of that name, which was encored; a chorus of female hunters, who traverse the woods at the sound of the horn; a brilliant air by the friend of Lady Enrichetta; all the scene of Lionel and Martha; and, lastly, an admirable *morceau d'ensemble*, treated in the style of the Italian masters, as well constructed and sustained as the numerous masterpieces left us in the same style by the clever and inexhaustible Donizetti.

The fourth act contains a romance, sung by Plunkett, which has been substituted for an air by Martha in the original piece; two duets of a totally opposite character—the first between Lionel and Martha, the second between Plunkett and Betsy; the whole being crowned with a *finale* which brings us back to the first act, and reminds us of what we have seen in the *Etoile du Nord*.

The success obtained by M. de Flotow has been most unequivocal. How otherwise indeed could the French public receive a work which offers nothing but pleasure without fatigue, which never languishes, in which all is ingenious and animated, and in which the music and the action depend on each other? At the fall of the curtain the composer was recalled, and was received with thunders of plaudits.

To name the interpreters of *Martha*, was already to give them the praise on account which they merited. And, first of all, Mario signalled himself by the admirable manner in which he sang and acted the part of Lionel. Secondly, Graziani exhibited himself under a totally different aspect: he played the rustic peasant with a frankness and gaiety in which he had no occasion heretofore to display his talents. Mlle. de Saint Urbain and Madame Nantier-Didiée distinguished themselves equally in the characters of Martha and Betsy. Zucchini also sustained the part of Tristan with much pleasantry. The *mise-en-scène*, by its splendour and its elegance, will contribute largely to the success of the piece.

LEEDS—(From a Correspondent).—"Drawing-room Operas" have been performed during the week in the Stock Exchange Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton, to crowded audiences.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haigh have been performing at the Princess's Theatre.—The People's Concert of Saturday last was by no means successful. The committee had provided an entertainment called "The Omnibus," by Miss Clara Leyton. Mr. Broughton, of Leeds, was the accompanist.—On Wednesday evening last the members of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society gave a "Member's Concert," in St. George's School-room. This was the second gathering of the kind that has taken place, on the recommendation of Mr. Costa to the various madrigal and motet societies, as a means of improving vocal part and choral music. The concert was numerously attended by non-practising members of the society, and other ladies and gentlemen. The solos were sustained by Miss Walker, Miss Maria Taylor, and Miss Newell, and the chorus numbered about eighty voices. Mr. Spark was the pianist and conductor. The programme comprised sacred and secular music, including selections from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. Some of the part-songs and madrigals were admirably executed. The choruses in Mendelssohn's *Lorely*, with which the entertainment terminated, were rendered with spirit and vigour. The audience was especially pleased with Mendelssohn's "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and "May-bells," both sang by the Misses Walker and Taylor. Miss Walker also gave "The Sea Diver," and was complimented with an encore. The evening was very agreeably spent.

MICHAEL VON GLINKA, AND MUSIC IN RUSSIA.*

MICHAEL VON GLINKA was born, of rich and noble parents, in the year 1804, near Smolensk. The peculiar melodies of his native country—melodies for which he conceived a great affection in his earliest childhood, and which exercised an important influence on his talent and artistic efforts—floated round his cradle. We do not know who was his first musical instructor; he was eighteen when he took pianoforte lessons from Field, in Moscow. It was to this master of the good old school that he owed the elegant and expressive style for which he was distinguished in his early years.

Favoured by birth and fortune, Glinka at first cultivated music simply as an amusement. His happy talent suggested melodies and songs, in which a fine artistic feeling was apparent. *Dilettanti* spread them abroad, and music-sellers soon hastened to publish them. Adolf Henselt used some as themes for pianoforte pieces. Glinka, also, wrote several smaller pieces for the piano; they were very successful, especially when he played them himself.

After a somewhat long residence in Warsaw, which he left in consequence of the events of 1830, he obtained permission from government to go to Italy. He remained several months in Vienna, and then proceeded to Venice, where, also, he stayed some time. In Milan he published Italian canzonets, *pièces de salon* for the piano and stringed instruments, on themes from Bellini and Donizetti; a septuor (serenade) for piano, harp, horn, bassoon, viol, violoncello, and double-bass, on motives from *Anna Bolena*; an original sextet for piano, two violins, viol, violoncello, and double-bass, and several variations and dances.

The year 1833 was spent by Glinka in Naples, where he delighted the saloons by his pianoforte playing and songs, which were sung by Ivanoff, then in the full possession of his magnificent tenor voice.

In the year 1835, Glinka was once more in St. Petersburg. A great alteration had taken place in him. He had previously cultivated music simply as an amusement, but he now looked on it as a serious pursuit. He felt his inward vocation as an artist. The warm desire to prove this vocation to his native country by a grand composition, induced him to take the resolution of writing an opera. He naturally selected a Russian subject, *Life for the Czar*, at which he worked several years with industry and love. In 1839 the opera was produced in St. Petersburg, and enthusiastically received; in fact, public opinion instantly raised the author to the rank of the most celebrated composers. The Imperial Court had interested itself in the production of this national work, and nothing was neglected to put it on the stage in the most brilliant manner. The natural son of Field, Leonof, a tenor and an excellent musician; a lady, Mad. Stepanowa, educated in France, and known in Paris under the name of Verteuil, and the bass Petrof, sang in the opera. The choruses and orchestra were good, and the whole was directed by Signor Cavo, a talented Italian musician.

This opera was followed by a second, a grand opera in five acts, *Russian and Ludmilla*, adapted for the stage, from a poem by Pusckin, founded on the earlier history of the Grand Prince of Kiev. It was very well received, although it did not achieve the extraordinary success of the first, a success principally caused by the *libretto* and the story. His countrymen were, however, unanimously of opinion that the two scores rendered Michael Glinka the greatest Russian composer of the time.

After the success of these works, Glinka again obtained permission to travel abroad. He went to Spain, and, on his way thither, visited Paris, in the year 1845. He was forty years of age, but known to no one, with the exception of a few *virtuosi*, who had been in Russia. He gave a concert, with full band, in the Salle Herz. He could not raise a chorus. This was greatly to be regretted, since the choruses play a very prominent part in his operas, and he was compelled to limit himself to the performance of a *Scherzo* in the form of a waltz, grand Cracovienne, a fantastic march from *Russian and Ludmilla*, and

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

a few songs. Haumann, and Leopold von Meyer, also, played at his concert. The public then heard, at a concert given by H. Berlioz, a rondo from the opera of *Life for the Czar*, sung by Mad. Solowjowa (Verteuil), and a grand piece of ballet-music from *Ludmilla*. The result did not come up to the composer's expectations. The Russian words, and the want of a programme to explain the various situations, prevented the public from understanding them. In addition to this, the romantic and, it must be owned, somewhat monotonous character of the music did not please the French; and, as they had just read in Custine's book on Russia, that "the national opera of Russia is a horrible drama in a magnificent house," the general public felt bored, while musicians objected to certain peculiarities, and reproached the composer for having introduced pieces of such small proportions to a Parisian audience.

Although a kind notice appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*, Glinka was deterred, by his little success, from further efforts. He left Paris, and retained all his life a very unfavourable opinion of the judgment of the French in musical matters. He was right and he was wrong. The great mass is pleased only with what agrees with their own feelings—it is in Paris as everywhere else; but there is, also, a select class who appreciate and admire, with taste and sure judgment, that which is artistically beautiful. The Parisian public are reproached, and not unjustly, with prejudice against everything they do not know, and with their love for celebrated names. But we must, in justice, allow that they do not, out of a desire for novelty, demolish the altars they have erected to previous celebrities. (This is true of instrumental works, but what about operas?)

In the summer of 1845, Glinka went to Spain. In July, he was at Valladolid, and, in October, reached Madrid. The principal object of his sojourn in the Pyrenean peninsula was to collect national melodies. As a man of the world, who despised none of the enjoyments of life, he felt very comfortable in Spain, and spent several years there in the *dolce far niente* style. His friends considered him lost for art. He resided for a very long time in Madrid; then in Andalusia, and, at last, in Cadiz. He did not return to Russia till the year 1852.

He now seemed to pluck up courage once more, and be desirous of devoting himself afresh to the kind of activity for which his inclinations naturally fitted him, especially as the Emperor bestowed on him the management of the Imperial Chapel, and the opera. This post induced him to busy himself with sacred music, amongst which there is a mass with a full band. He was putting the last touch to this, when death overtook him in Berlin, on the 15th February, 1857. He was just 53 years of age.

His decease is to be regretted, as far as the progress of music in Russia is concerned. Whatever may be the verdict of posterity on the two great works which were the foundation of his fame among his countrymen, it cannot, at any rate, be denied that his music possesses a highly peculiar character, different from that of the Italian, German, and French schools of any period. Had it been developed by his successors, it might have become a separate artistic form.

Music, as an art, has, indeed, enjoyed only an exotic existence in Russia during the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A Russian musician, Dimitri Stepanowitsch Bortnianski, educated in Italy, had, it is true, about 1796, founded a peculiar and beautiful kind of vocal sacred music, when he re-organised the Imperial vocal chapel, established in the reign of Czar Alexis Michailowitsch. Foreign artists and connoisseurs who have heard the singing of this chapel, assert, as is well-known, that it is impossible to hear anything more beautiful, as well for the quality, the wonderful compass of the voices and delicacy of execution, as for the noble, serious and impressive character of the compositions. But to this alone, and to the charming national melodies in the provinces, was all Russian music, properly so-called, limited. In the reign of the Empress Elisabeth, an Italian company was invited to St. Petersburg, the Venetian, Galuppi, being the director and court composer. Catherine II. retained this company, and, at various times, had Paisiello, Sarti, and Cimarosa in her service. Sarti, who, from his long stay in the country, had become, to a certain

extent, a Russian—he possessed a number of estates and serfs, which the Empress and Prince Potemkin had given him, and spoke Russian fluently—was the first who ever composed an opera and a *Te Deum* to a Russian text. But the music was Italian and nothing more.

After the death of Paul I., the Italian opera was abolished, and Alexander I. summoned to St. Petersburg a colony of French artists, amongst whom were Boieldieu, Rode, Baillot, and Lamare, the excellent violoncellist. French comic opera took the place of Italian opera. Boieldieu directed it, and wrote, also, new works for the theatre. Clementi and his pupil, Field, the pianists, also, were in St. Petersburg at the same period. Before the arrival of these artists, the public of St. Petersburg and Moscow were acquainted only with Pleyel's music. Baillot and Lamare introduced the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, for whom the educated aristocracy were most enthusiastic. The traditions of this epoch were continued by Counts Matthias and Michael Wielhorski, Messrs. Lwoff, Semenov, Amato, and other amateurs. After Boieldieu's departure, Steibelt succeeded him as director of the French opera. He wrote for it *Cendrillon* and *Sargines*, and touched up his scores, *Romeo et Juliette*, and *La Princesse de Babylone*. He died in the year 1823, just as he was completing a new opera: *The Judgment of Midas*.

Thus, both dramatic and instrumental music, up to about 1825, existed in Russia only as something imported from abroad. It was then that the spirit of creation first awoke in the breasts of a few distinguished lovers of art. Count Michael Wielhorski wrote quartets and symphonies; General Alexis Lwoff, director of the Imperial chapel, and a very talented violin player and composer, wrote, in addition to several smaller pieces, and a hymn, which has become the national hymn, two operas: *Bianca e Gualtiero* and *Undine*, and a *Stabat Mater*, which is much prized. At the same time, Glinka's talent began to make its way, while Werstowski produced his opera, *the Grave of Askold*.

A little later, Dargomyski, who, like his artistic colleagues, belonged to the upper classes, and was distinguished as a pianist, published several Russian songs, most of which were very popular. In the year 1848, his opera, *Esmeralda*, was produced in the national theatre. It is a well-written work, in which we find concerted pieces conceived in a really artistic spirit. Since then, two other operas by him have been brought out, but I do not know the scores. Dargomyski is now 44 years of age. His music differs essentially from Glinka's by its structure, which is more certain and better adapted to the general forms of art at the present day. It is, also, more dramatic and passionate, but less original and less Russian than Glinka's *Life for the Czar*.

It is well known that, in Anton Rubinstein, a new instance of talent has now sprung up. His original position in society was different from that of his noble predecessors. He would have been compelled to become a soldier, and, in all probability, have been lost to art, had not the protection of the Grand Princess Helen assured his destiny. As long since as 1841, he excited, as a boy, admiration by his pianoforte playing, and we all know that, at present, he is one of the heroes of that instrument. Rubinstein has already written for the voice, the piano, and the orchestra. Two operas by him have also been produced, but they are youthful efforts, and to be looked upon rather as essays than aught else. [He has composed, likewise, an oratorio.] May he not go astray on his path, and exaggerate certain tendencies, which appear prominently in his works of the present period!

On the whole, Glinka seems to have comprehended, better than his artistic contemporaries and immediate successors, the secret of imparting a national character to Russian music. The choice of his melodies and rhythms, the peculiar forms and harmonious passages, to which he is partial, give his works an impression of originality, and that is their principal merit. On this account, if we would appreciate him properly, we must put ourselves in the position he occupied when he wrote his works, and we should be judging them altogether wrongly did we seek in them the dramatic effect presupposed by French or Italian opera.

MANCHESTER.—(From the *Manchester Weekly Times*).—At the undress concert of Thursday, the novelty was Miss Kemble, daughter of the late J. M. Kemble, Esq. The name of Kemble is sure to meet with favour. Let us hope that it will become as honourable a tradition in relation with music as with the drama. At present Miss Kemble is but a novice, possessing a pure-toned voice, and we feel inclined to believe good taste; there is evidence of a premature appearance before the public in that nervous trepidation which leads even to an incorrect ear. The great aria from *Idomeneo*, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," was far beyond the powers of this young vocalist. Equally severe is "From mighty kings," which requires all the force and brilliancy of an accomplished artist. In Weber's plaintive melody, "Glocklein," Miss Kemble indicated nice feeling; and Benedict's ballad, "Hush! from all voice," brought a kindly and gracious encore, though the same faults were observable to which we have had to allude, and let us also add the same good elements. Miss Kemble possesses natural qualities which will, we have reason to believe, develop into something worthy of admiration,—at least, all who love the art must hope as much. M. Vieuxtemps (the violoncellist), was introduced to a Manchester audience at the Classical Chamber Concert of Thursday evening week, when a refined manner of his playing, as well as delicacy of tone, were noticeable. He played a *Lestocq*, by Servais. M. de Jong, on the flute, was the other soloist. The concerted pieces were the *Don Giovanni* overture, Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*, Beethoven's *Egmont*, and Haydn's *Symphony in D*. The overtures were played skilfully, and the symphony gave pleasure to all. When hearing Haydn, who can think of anything but cheerfulness and grace. "Old familiar faces" gradually light up with smiles; and you may observe heads, both young and old, nodding mutual recognitions across the room, with which pleasant thoughts are mingled. There is so much fancy, and so many pleasurable associations connected with this music, that one can imagine the great composer to have been a favourite with prattlers as well as "children of a larger growth." Do! Maestro Hallé! let us have more from this cheerful old friend, and less from that terrible old gentleman of later years whom you so love to honour.

[The "terrible old gentleman" is Beethoven—which is equivalent to saying that the critic of the *Manchester Weekly Times* is a terrible old twaddler.—Ed. M. W.]

SHREWSBURY.—(From a Correspondent).—The concluding Concert of the sixth series of the Shrewsbury Philharmonic concerts, was given on Thursday week. There were no band and chorus, and no instrumental performance excepting two pianoforte solos. The increasing popularity of these entertainments, however, is affirmed by Mr. Walter C. Hay, who appeals to the subscription list in confirmation. It is to be regretted that, with such support and patronage, the concerts do not take a higher position than that of mere vocal performances. The vocalists on the present occasion were Madame Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mrs. Haynes, Mr. Allen Irving, and Mr. Millard. All these are well-known artists, with the exception of Mrs. Haynes, who made her first appearance in Shrewsbury. This lady created so great an impression, and pleased so much, that I made inquiries about her after the concert, and learned that she had studied under the best masters in Italy—as, indeed, I should have guessed without being informed—and that she had only appeared at one or two concerts in England. Mrs. Haynes' voice is a soprano, clear, brilliant, and of beautiful quality, especially in the upper register. It is not what I would call a light soprano, nor can it be called powerful. Naturally flexible, it has been well cultivated. Mrs. Haynes displayed more courage than judgment in selecting the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola* for her first essay. She might have chosen a *bravura* better adapted to her voice than "Non più mesta," which was written for a contralto. The *style*, however, exhibited in the slow movement arrested attention, and the brilliancy of execution displayed in the *rondo* delighted the audience, who honoured the fair artist at the termination with the heartiest applause. The taste and expression of Mrs. Haynes were instanced most satisfactorily in a serenade, "Come and

see the risen moon," which was rapturously encored. The critic of *Eddowes's Shrewsbury Journal* coincides almost entirely with the above. I annex an extract from his notice, merely surmising that Mrs. Haynes's voice is a pure soprano:—

"A Mrs. Haynes," says the writer, "to whom we have before alluded, and who we find is a resident in the neighbouring county of Worcester, now made her appearance, and her first essay was a dangerous one—nothing less than the celebrated "Non più mesta" from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, which has been the stock concert-piece of all the Italian and semi-Italian contraltos of many years past. We cannot say that the selection was in every respect one of the happiest. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of considerable compass, clear and resonant, and her execution of the florid divisions with which Rossini has burdened the aria, was as near perfection as need be; but there was a lack of power, especially in the lower notes, which is requisite to give it its full breadth of effect. We may congratulate this lady on the possession of a voice of delicious quality, which has been highly cultivated and is most artistically used."

Of the other singers I need say no more than they all exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. George Russell played Schuloff's *Carnaval de Venise*, and Pauer's *Cascade*, on the pianoforte.

MR. PUNCH TO MISS GODDARD.

A VALENTINE.

(From Punch.)

My dear Miss Goddard;
A creature foddered
On Liszt and Thalberg, extolled by Ella,
Perceives creation
Of new sensation
When you strike ivory, Arabella.
Who said Miss Goddard
Had been "soft sawdered?"
Credat Judæus, our friend Ap' Ella.
Punch reads no praises
Which reach the basis
That he begins at, dear Arabella.
You've known, Miss Goddard,
What 'tis to plod hard—
The bee must toil ere he hives the *mella*;
Now, music gushes,
Or leaps, or rushes
To your white fingers, Miss Arabella.
The folks, Miss Goddard,
Who yawn, or nod hard
At tricksters, whack with the umberella,
When for grand Beethoven
The way is cloven
To English hearts, by my Arabella.
My dear Miss Goddard,
Punch "plies the rod hard
On brass impostors" (see Swift to Stella),
And for that reason,
Hath praise, in season,
For golden Artists, like Arabella.

February 14, 1858.

ROTTERDAM.—The programme of the fourth concert of the *Erudito Musica*, which took place on the 21st ult., consisted of *Symphony No. 5*, with *obligato* pianoforte accompaniment by Niels W. Gade; and overtures by Al. Schmitt and Sterndale Bennett. The vocalist was Madlle. Claire Dobré. Herr Bremer presided at the piano, and Herr Grützmacher was the violoncellist.

It was the first time Gade's symphony had been performed here. It was favourably received by the audience. We cannot approve, however, of the *obligato* pianoforte accompaniment, by which the strength of the orchestra as a body is rather diminished than increased. On the other hand, the piano would, perhaps, produce a good effect if employed altogether as an orchestral instrument, according to the plan suggested by Hector Berlioz, in his *Theory of Instrumentation*. Of course, in such a case, it would be necessary to have a number of pianos, pro-

portioned to the size of the rooms and the strength of the orchestra. [?]

We can only designate the production of Aloys Schmitt's overture as a mistake on the part of the directors; Bennett's overture, *Die Waldnymph*, was, on the contrary, most welcome.

Madlle. Claire Dobré, from Paris, sang an air from Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez*, and the well-known romance, "Sombres Forêts," from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*.—*Dutch Sheet*.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, February 22nd, and during the week, re-appearance of MISS AMY SEDGWICK as Beatrice, in Shakspeare's comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, being her first appearance in that character in London. After which, every evening, a new grand comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE SPITEFUL FAIRY. The scenery by Mr. William Calcott. Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leclercq; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louise Leclercq.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking), 6s. each. FIRST PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. SECOND PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, February 20th, THE FAIRY CIRCLE; OR, CON O'CAROLAN'S DREAM, in which MR. and MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS will appear. After which will be produced a new and original comic drama, entitled YANKEE COURTSHIP; OR, AWAY DOWN EAST. To conclude with the successful original farce called LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and Friday, HAMLET; Tuesday (for the benefit of Mr. Hulme, Clown), Thursday, and Saturday, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; Wednesday (first time these two years), LOUIS XI. And the Pantomime every Evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRAND-MOTHER. After which THE DOGE OF DURALTO. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRICKELL.—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening (except Saturday) at 8. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a-half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

On Monday and during the week to commence with the ISLAND OF SILVER STORE, with new scenery, and to conclude with the pantomime of GEORGEY PORGEY PUDDING AND PIE. On Wednesday for the benefit of Mr. W. Smith and Miss Cushnie. On Saturday, February 27, Mr. G. K. Dickens's first appearance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L.—The programme of the Ipswich concert is non inventus. Will our correspondent kindly oblige us with another?

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1858.

On Friday (the 12th inst.) Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed for the 50th time by the Sacred Harmonic Society. This masterpiece, as every one knows, was composed expressly for the Birmingham Festival, and was first produced, under the composer's own direction, in September, 1846. No one who had the good fortune to be present can have forgotten the triumph achieved on that occasion, or the enthusiasm expressed by the vast audience for the composer and his work. People left the Town-hall exclaiming—"Here is a new Handel, with a new *Messiah*!" The fame of Mendelssohn was already greater in England before *Elijah* had been heard than that of any living composer; but this pro-

digious inspiration at once placed him on a level with the greatest musicians of the past. Birmingham might well be proud of an event which established its festival more firmly than ever at the head of our great provincial music-meetings.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, although the just pride of our metropolis, can lay claim to no such distinction as that which has immortalised the Birmingham Festival. The managers, however, were eager, as usual, to avail themselves of so splendid an opportunity of strengthening their resources; and, more than six months later, Mendelssohn was invited to conduct four performances of his *Elijah* at Exeter Hall. This was his last visit to London; and for more reasons than one it was a time to be remembered. The Royal Italian Opera commenced its formidable opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre on the 6th of April, 1847; and Alboni and Jenny Lind were for the first time heard in England. On the 4th of May, the night of Jenny Lind's *début*, Mendelssohn was in the stalls, during the first two acts of *Robert le Diable*; and to not a few in the house the sight of that spare dark form, by which the greatness of modern art was represented, was even more interesting than the new phenomenon about to turn the heads and win the hearts of almost all the inhabitants of Britain. The next day, we believe, Mendelssohn quitted the country where he was loved and honoured so much, and which he was never destined to revisit. During his short stay among us, besides directing the performance of *Elijah* for the Sacred Harmonic Society, he played the G major concerto of Beethoven at the Philharmonic, and conducted one part of the concert—Mr. Costa superintending the other. He also played at the Beethoven Quartet Society (his own second Trio and Beethoven's Thirty-two variations on a theme in C minor); and on the same evening presided at the organ in Hanover-square, for the Ancient Concerts, then fast tottering to the grave. Besides all this, he directed a memorable (and miserable) performance of *Elijah*, in Birmingham, for which he had been promised the same orchestra and chorus at the festival—upon what good authority is still remembered. Perhaps never on any previous occasion did Mendelssohn appear so often in public, and in society, as during this his last visit to England. He went away, harassed and worn, saying that we were "a nation of time-eaters."

During the interval between its first performance at Birmingham and its reproduction at Exeter Hall, Mendelssohn, always anxious to perfect his music, had made many changes in his oratorio. Among the most worthy of note was the substitution of the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," in place of a duet by *soprano* and *contralto*, to which the words had been originally set, and the completion of the great dramatic scene in Part II. (where Jezebel the Queen incites the people to destroy *Elijah*) by the important addition of the chorus, "Woe to him! he shall perish." The success achieved at Exeter Hall, and the honour that accrued to the Sacred Harmonic Society can hardly have been forgotten. It was, moreover, the indirect cause of a revolution which led to the most significant results, and to which in all probability the Society owes its flourishing existence at the present day. The first four performances of *Elijah* were conducted by Mendelssohn himself; the next two by Mr. Surman; and the two following by Mr. Perry. The interval between May and November was spent by the Sacred Harmonic Society in

* Sung at Birmingham by the Misses Williams.

deliberations that ultimately led to a division in Council, and the election by a large majority of Mr. Costa, as conductor of the concerts. On the 1st of November the popular and talented Neapolitan directed the ninth performance of *Elijah*; and, since then, he has superintended forty-one others, the last of which took place on the evening cited at the commencement of this article.

The fact that within the same period of scarcely eleven years *Elijah* should have been presented fifty times, while *The Messiah* itself has only been given forty-eight, is important—more especially when it is stated that the popularity of Mendelssohn's oratorio is at this moment quite as great as in 1847, and that, on the other hand, it has been a reliable attraction during the whole series of years, not only at the triennial festivals of Birmingham and Norwich, but at the meetings of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, and the recently constituted music gathering at Bradford. Add to these the countless performances, both in London and the provinces, by bodies of less magnitude (Mr. Hullah's Upper Singing Class at St. Martin's Hall taking the lead), and it may be safely asserted that no great work (*The Messiah* not excepted) has ever been given so often in the same space of time.

That *Elijah* is the most faultless of all musical masterpieces, was our conviction from the outset; and that the public should thus far have shared our admiration for its beauty and sublimity causes us, we are ready to admit, no slight degree of satisfaction.

AMONG the many growls that have arisen in connection with those terrible "festival performances," we may especially distinguish a lengthened grumble, shaped into an article for *Fraser's Magazine*, and entitled "A Word about our Theatres." Ostensibly the frightful events that brought January to a sad close occupy but a small share of the writer's attention, but as the subjects discussed at large bear no particular reference to the present year, while the temper in which the article is written gives evident signs of a recent ruffle for which the "festivities" will clearly account, we may look for the key to the whole twenty columns in the single column that, as if by chance, touches on the Opera-house *Macbeth*.

Certainly there is nothing more irritating than the disappointment which one feels when, having tried to like something against one's better judgment, one finds one's benevolent intentions constantly thwarted by the object one would fain admire. A dear old friend gives you a dinner at which the soup is cold, the fish manifests a tendency to decomposition, the boiled fowls are almost raw, and the potatoes have a "bone in them." You know that your dear old friend means kindly, that he is providing for your entertainment out of a straitened income, that the warmth of his welcome exceeds the chilliness of his banquet, and therefore you try to fancy the dainties less exceptionable than they are. But your attempt is vain; the conviction that you have eaten a confoundedly bad dinner is not to be overcome by any sophistry of the heart, and as the evening advances you find yourself in a misanthropic mood, execrating two of the greatest blessings of life, viz., friendship and culinary art in general.

Now the temper which pervades the Fraser article, exactly corresponds to the state of mind that a gentleman would be in, who having paid a high price for a box at Her Majesty's Theatre, and having found that it did not afford him a view

of the Queen, resolved to be pleased with the performance on the stage, but found his resolution frustrated. We may be wrong, but we will suppose that the article is related to circumstances of this sort, as effect is related to cause.

A determination to like Mr. Phelps comes early into the scheme for contentment. Bearing in mind the merits of that meritorious manager, the writer remembers that "at Sadler's Wells the play and the actors are not sacrificed to the costumier. All needful care is bestowed upon the scenic accessories; but the hearts and souls are arrived at as well as their ears and eyes." The eulogy of this distinctive virtue of Sadler's Wells is in harmony with a theory of our essayist, that over-attention to decorative accessories is a great cause of the decline of dramatic art, but his memory has been somewhat treacherous. The system of forcing extraneous ornaments upon the Shakspearean drama has been carried on quite as unscrupulously at Sadler's Wells as at any West-end theatre: witness the mechanical "effects" in *Pericles*, the details of the *Tempest*, the moving panorama and dummy soldiers in *Timon of Athens*. No one, on the occasion of a grand "revival," has appealed more openly to the taste of the public for decoration than Mr. Phelps—and we will add that the appeal has always been made in the most efficient manner, the resources of his theatre being taken into consideration.

However, in spite of his strenuous efforts, the kind-hearted occupant of the bad box can't be satisfied with Mr. Phelps after all. He says: "It has done Mr. Phelps little good, we fear, as an actor, to have been so long away from collision with performers and audiences of the first class, and his performance of *Macbeth* on the occasion we have mentioned was not what his well-wishers would have desired." Disappointed in Mr. Phelps, the enthusiast for dramatic reform seeks for enjoyment in the shabbiness of the scenery. "Still it was a comfort," he exclaims with forced joy, "to get rid, if only for a night, of the rubbish of antiquarianism." This *petit verre* of bliss is certainly free from the sprig of rue; the lover of a bad *mise-en-scène* had indeed every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which *Macbeth* was put upon the stage. However, we have here a miserable sort of enjoyment at best, and the writer was evidently more pleased to find, by the Lady *Macbeth* of Miss Helen Faucit, "that we still possess an actress almost without a rival in Europe." Miss Helen Faucit "rises to the measure of Shakspeare's great creations with a sweep of power we (the essayist) believe beyond what has won the reputation of Rachel and Ristori." This remark is, no doubt, kindly meant, but it is most unfair to the accomplished English actress whom it eulogises, for by needlessly placing her above Rachel, as far as the "sweep of power" is concerned, it forces us to remember that whereas a whole audience in Her Majesty's Theatre was mightily grasped by the genius of Rachel, the tragedy of *Macbeth*, played in the same theatre, produced no sensation but of weariness. An English actress, not being a vocalist, is not bound to make an impression in a huge theatre, constructed for lyrical purposes; and Miss Helen Faucit loses nothing by not producing the effect that perhaps a Rachel alone could attain. Why, then, force the comparison upon us? However, notwithstanding the greatness of Miss Faucit, the essayist falls back into the sad reflection: "Such is the state of our London theatres, that there is, apparently, not one at which this power can be made available." This remark, it will be borne in mind, was made before the lady's engagement at the Lyceum.

From the general disappointment at the performance,

which the writer cannot conceal, and which he shares in common with every one who witnessed it, arises the bilious article, of which we have noticed a small but important part. A general hatred against prosperous people inconsiderately directed pervades the whole of the effusion, in which right and wrong are blended together in fashion the most extraordinary—a broad anathema being spread over theatrical free-trade, antiquarian decoration, burlesque, Mr. Robson, and the newspaper critics. In short, popularity itself is as distasteful to the essayist as to a Saturday Reviewer. But his largest vial of wrath is poured on the head of the journalists. Hear him:—

"The editors of our leading journals obviously think it of no moment how questions of art are dealt with, and we have become the laughing-stock of Europe for the ignorant, and not rarely dishonest, trash to which they give currency as criticism. In no department is this discreditable feature more conspicuous than in that of dramatic criticism. The press, which should be the great check upon the abuses of the stage, has for long contributed to foment them. While it is loud enough in its moans over the decay of the drama, it rarely lifts its voice against the causes of this decay. Bad pieces and worse acting are praised; good pieces and good acting are as often as not passed over in silence. The vicious management of our leading theatres is not denounced. At one of these, for example, we may see a Lady Teazle with the airs of a *lorette*, and a Charles Surface with the manners of a clown, but the papers of next morning probably will extol the refined grace of the one, and the gentlemanly ease of the other. Again and again within the last few years have we been called upon to admire actresses whose talent for costliness of wardrobe was supreme, but who could neither speak, walk, nor look like ladies; nay, who were continually violating, with an unconsciousness truly astounding, the simplest rules of Walker and Lindley Murray. What else, indeed, could be expected from the uneducated pretenders who have lately filled the places which, until the last change in the management of our leading comedy theatre, were occupied by gentlewoman of culture and experience, who respected themselves and their vocation? An honest press would have made it impossible for a manager to insult the understanding and good feeling of the public by thrusting such vulgar incapacity upon them. It would have told those 'Cynthias of the minute,' who did not know the rudiments of grammar, much less the rudiments of the dramatic art, to find another sphere for the display of their fine dresses and tawdry manners. It would have compelled managers to see that their actors did not trifle with their parts, and made actors feel that they could not do so with impunity. But this it has not done; and we can hope for no improvement until the criticism of the stage is in the hands of men who are not only competent to judge, and have nothing to hope for from managers, but who also keep themselves entirely aloof from all personal association with actors."

This is all very well in black and white, but by the rules of human society, a man who is competent to judge works of modern art, and likewise takes an interest in such works, will insensibly be brought into contact with the artists. A critic on painting who knows nothing of painters, a critic of music who ignores musicians, a critic of theatres who is inaccessible to dramatists and actors, is a chimera that has no existence in actual life; and the more eminent the critic becomes, the greater number of artists will be comprised within the circle of his acquaintance. The same persons who like the society of literary men also like the society of artists, and a constant meeting of the former with the latter is absolutely inevitable. The eremitical isolation which the Fraserian recommends would have absolute ignorance of art for its inevitable result.

MISS LAZARUS, pianist, daughter of Mr. Lazarus, the celebrated player on the clarinet, performed lately at a concert at Ipswich, with brilliant success.

AUBER's comic opera of *La Fiancée* has been revived at the Opéra-Comique with distinguished success. The revival, and the new cast, will receive consideration in our next.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

At the second performance, on Tuesday evening, the audience crowded the rooms to suffocation. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.			
Sonata in F major, piano and violin (No. 13)...	...	Mozart.	
Grand Sonata in A flat, "Plus Ultra" (Op. 71)	Dussek.	
Toccata con Fuga, in D minor, first time in public, (from Book 4 of F. C. Grienkerl's "Complete Col- lection of the Pianoforte Works of Bach"), Fantasia con Fughetta, in D major (do. do.)	J. S. Bach.	

PART II.			
Sonata in C minor (Op. 111)	Beethoven.	
Grand Trio in D minor (No. 1), pianoforte, violin, and violinello	Mendelssohn.	

Mozart replaced Haydn, Dussek Clementi, Beethoven Weber, and Mendelssohn Beethoven—John Sebastian Bach retaining the place of honour. So that, as we hinted in our notice of the first *soirée*, the present series of concerts is as essentially in honour of Bach as that of last year was in honour of Beethoven. In 1857 the music of imagination was represented; it is now the turn of the music of intellect. (The Director of the Musical Union may deduce from the above, that we deny the quality of *intellect* to Beethoven, and the quality of *imagination* to Bach; but the *Athenæum* will acquit us of any such intention.)

Mozart's charming sonata in F (one of three for violin and piano in the same key) has not been heard in *public* within the remembrance of the present generation. This made its exquisite beauties, and its equally exquisite interpretation by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton, doubly welcome. The audience admired the vigour of the *allegro*, the quaint beauty of the air with variations, and the expressive melody of the *finale* (in the style and measure of a minuet); and gave vent to their satisfaction at the end of each movement. If a preference could be remarked it was in favour of the "Variations;" but the whole sonata afforded unequivocal delight.

On more than one occasion we have called the attention of our readers to Dussek's superb and unjustly neglected *Plus Ultra*. We have also described its origin, or rather the origin of its seemingly inexplicable title. A note in Miss Goddard's programme sums up in few words what it has frequently taken half a column to recount:—

"The Sonata Op. 71, in France, where it was originally published, bears the title of *Le Retour à Paris*. Just before it was sent to England, a Sonata by Woelfl had appeared, under the name of *Ne Plus Ultra*, the *finale* consisting of variations on "Life let us cherish," somewhat in the style which M. Henri Herz was long afterwards supposed to have originated. "Ne plus ultra" was intended to convey that difficulty could go no further; but Dussek's London publisher, judging that the *Retour à Paris* was even more difficult than Woelfl's Sonata, rechristened it *Plus Ultra*, with a dedication on the title page to *Ne Plus Ultra*."

Plus Ultra, however, is not merely difficult; it is a grand and imaginative composition, and one of the very few works produced at the commencement of the present century* which foreshadowed the immensity of Beethoven. We have no space to describe it here, but must refer our readers to foregone analyses and panegyrics ("ante"—we forget both page and volume). Suffice it, every movement is instinct with energy and mental power, showing Dussek—the "Prodigal," (as Mendelssohn christened him "in our presence")†—striving to merit the hospitable welcome of his mother, "Art," when returning from his vagabondage, and owning that he had wasted, in a measure, the splendid gifts with which she had endowed him. Poor Dussek! It was a pity he ever knew Woelfl, and Pinto, and John Cramer. When his life had numbered more than

* Dussek died in 1812. *Plus Ultra* was his 71st "opus." His last great work, *L'Invocation*, numbers Op. 77.

† Vide the *Musical Union Record*, "in the presence of" the author of which every great composer of the present age seems to have said something—sensible or the contrary, as may have suited the immediate purpose of the "immeasurably learned" Director in recording it.

half a century of summers, he became a Pinto—and, as that thoughtless, gifted boy was cut off in premature youth, so Dussek (in so far as music was concerned) may be said to have been cut off in premature maturity. (Any *cumini sector* will understand us).

Never did a genius whose early years had been comparatively misspent, strive so hard to declare what was within him, as Dussek, in the first movement and the *scherzo* of the sonata in question; never did a comparative failure (judged from the point of view of artistic severity,) generate such a full glow of beauty as in the first instance; and never was success more complete and triumphant than in the last. In the *Allegro non troppo* Dussek fell, like Phaeton, amid a halo of glory; his fall was more imposing than another's rise. It might even be said that he fell not, but was carried away in a chariot of fire, like Elijah—being only the imperfect man—the prophet (as M. Oulibicheff would not say) of the future “Messiah”—Beethoven. In the brief *scherzo* Dussek spoke the language of inspiration, untrammelled by the arduously conquered rules of art,* and with an eloquence that could not be misunderstood. The *adagio* and *finale*, if less strikingly original, are quite worthy of the rest.

Miss Arabella Goddard must have been inspired when she performed the *Plus Ultra*. Her execution was certainly “*plus ultra*” than any imaginable “*ne plus ultra*.” But that was nothing in her case. It was the strong sympathy that her whole performance manifested with the author she was endeavouring to interpret. Into the first movement especially she threw her whole soul, as though she felt that it was really something great that only wanted the proper expression, and was sure to be appreciated if it got it. She was Dussek's advocate, and the dead composer was lucky in such a pleader. No angel ever urged the pardon of repentant sinner with more touching grace. Every heart was won by this yearning and indefinitely beautiful first movement. The *scherzo* wanted no pleading; while the other two pieces, being more *ad captandum*, were easily made brilliant and effective by such playing as that of Miss Goddard. To conclude, the *Plus Ultra* created enthusiasm without bounds, and the sternest purist recognised the genius that had given it birth.

From Dussek to Bach—what a stride!—backwards or forwards matters little. How one man made light of his gifts, and how the other treasured them! And yet the one was in reality no more a squanderer than the other a miser. If Bach's fugues represent—as the false prophet of the age asserts—“music egotistically trifling with itself,” we can only say that we could pass a life in witnessing their egotistical performances. Some who respect Bach (in spite of themselves) without at the same time understanding him, have said that Miss Goddard should put on a wig when she plays the music of the master of harmony in public. Not so; she plays it with such a grace and invests it with such a charm that the wig falls from the head of the patriarch, and he becomes pictured to the mind's eye as an ardent aspiring youth, with dark flowing hair, all his own, and nature's glossy hue upon it. Miss Goddard's interpretation of Bach is indeed unique, and can only spring from an instinctive sympathy. To understand Bach is the test of musicianship; to love him involves a convincing proof that to the finest perception of the musical art is united the imaginative faculty, without which the complete artist is impossible. Miss Goddard both understands and loves him—which is shown in her playing.

After three such illustrations of three such masters as Mozart, Dussek, and Bach, to approach the very last of Beethoven's sonatas declared a confidence that, but for the entirely successful result, would seem to have bordered on imprudence. Nothing of the kind. Miss Goddard was just as much at home with the poet Beethoven, who aspired to the skies, as with the philosophical Bach, who explored the very depths of harmony; and perhaps, among all her performances during this remarkable evening, not one so entirely attained perfection as that of Beethoven's sublime sonata in C minor, Op. 111, in which the giant, taking a last farewell of his favourite solo instru-

ment, would seem to have said—“Thou shalt be another orchestra!” So true is it, that no symphony is richer in colouring than this most original and marvellous sonata. No work of Beethoven so strikingly illustrates two opposite states of mind. The opening *Maestoso* predicts with amazing grandeur the fiery and ungovernable ebullitions of the *Allegro appassionato*; while the *arietta* with variations in the major key, which constitutes the *finale*, indicates a complete revulsion of feeling; and with the exception of one angry, turbulent, and restless passage (Variation No. 2), represents the master of tone in a train of absorbed and mystic adoration of the wonderful works of God. It is Beethoven lying down in the open country, at noon, under a blazing sun, hearing, with the ears of a musician inspired, the varied sounds of nature, and viewing, with the eyes of a poet equally inspired, the multitudinous objects of the *dædal* earth. Such music cannot be described; but happily it can be played; and by her playing Miss Goddard made an echo for it in the hearts of her intelligent audience.

Probably nothing else than one of the grand trios of Mendelssohn would have been listened to even patiently at the end of such concert, and after such a sonata. The trio in D minor, which might almost reanimate a corpse with its galvanic energy, thus magically performed (MM. Sinton and Paque being worthy co-operators), brought to a magnificent climax one of the most interesting performances ever heard. The audience was worthy of the entertainment.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE third concert (the first of the ordinary series) took place on Monday, when the Hanover-square Rooms were crowded with a brilliant and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Symphony in F, No. 8—Beethoven. Aria, “Quando lo sere” (Luiza Miller), Mrs. Frederic Dickens—Verdi. Air, “Come unto Him” (Immanuel), Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge—Henry Leslie. Victoria Festival March—Val. Morris.

PART II.—Concert Stück, Mrs. T. J. Thompson—C. M. von Weber. Song, “If o'er the boundless sky,” Mrs. F. Dickens—Moliue. “Miserere” (Il Trovatore), solos by Messrs. Pollock and Burchett—Verdi. Song, “Thou, streamlet, hast a tuneful voice,” Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge—S. W. Waley. Overture (La Dame Blanche)—Auber. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The eighth symphony of Beethoven does not suit the amateur performers. In the Concert-stück of Weber Mrs. T. J. Thompson was immensely applauded, and at the termination of the last movement (decidedly her best performance) was recalled unanimously.

Mrs. F. Dickens (her sister) sings with taste and simplicity, and was much admired in Herr Moliue's beautiful little song. Her voice is a contralto of the purest quality. Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge sings with expression, and would please even more if he did not occasionally force his voice. Messrs. Alfred Pollock and George Burchett won general approbation for their oboe and cornet solos in the “Miserere.” The overture to *La Dame Blanche* (strange to say) did not go well. The pieces to which no allusion has been made we were unable to hear.

At the fourth concert Mr. S. Waley is to play Mozart's piano-forte concerto in A (No. 2), which is very little known; and Mr. Frank Mori's overture to the *Pest of Florence* will be given. The symphony—Haydn's B flat—may afford the amateurs a chance of redeeming their symphonic laurels; but we think they would do wisely not to provoke the shade of Weber, by meddling with his *Ruler of the Spirits*.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.—Miss Helen Faucit has appeared at the Lyceum as Lady Macbeth, and is announced to repeat the character. Her engagement of six nights is, in all likelihood, but a step preliminary to her return to the stage—a consummation devoutly to be wished by all lovers of legitimate acting.—At the Haymarket Mr. Hudson has been playing for several nights Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in the *Rivals*, and appeared on Thursday evening as Sir Patrick Plenipo in *The Irish Ambassador*. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are also engaged at the Haymarket, and have been playing in the farce *Twice Killed*. Miss Amy Sedgwick appears on Monday.

* The plan of the minuet of this *scherzo*, which sets off in F sharp minor, and terminates in the key of the sonata—A flat—could only have been conceived by genius. No art could have invented it.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have had a few musical events (worthy of special mention) in Liverpool, since your last publication. On Saturday, the 5th instant, Miss Charlotte Montague and Miss F. Huddart appeared, and Mr. Henry Lazarus came to illustrate a well-established reputation. Miss Fanny Huddart had a reputation to sustain, and she maintained it. In the duet with Miss Montague, "May Bells," Mendelssohn's music was rendered with good expression, and merited the encore it obtained. Mr. Henry Lazarus is well known for his great power of execution on the clarinet, the difficulties of mastering which few executants have been able to overcome, but on which he discourses with a master voice. His solo from the favourite opera *I Puritani* received an enthusiastic encore, which was answered by a still more favourite air and variations from *La Sonnambula*. His rendering of the fantasia on the Scotch air, "Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon" was received with, if possible, more enthusiasm. On Saturday evening last a vast crowd was attracted to Mr. Hime's deservedly popular "People's Concerts" at St. George's Hall, to hear the *début* here of some pupils of the once-famed Mrs. Wood (Miss Paton), who "assisted" at the pianoforte. The concert was a decided success, and Mrs. Wood was most enthusiastically received by the immense audience.

On Monday evening the Pyne-Harrison troupe made their first appearance at our Theatre Royal, and they have nightly played *The Rose of Castille* before large and fashionable audiences. The local critics are loud in their eulogies of the ensemble of these operatic performances, which at last realise the existence of that musical myth—a national opera. Balfe's sparkling composition has quite hit the taste of our musical dilettante, and the admirable vocalisation of Miss Louisa Pyne, and indeed of all the artists, and the excellence of the chorus, band, scenery and appointments, have given more genuine satisfaction than any operatic performances I have ever witnessed in the provinces. The troupe appear here for a month, and at present there is every prospect that their stay in Liverpool will be profitable to themselves and pleasant to the public.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Santley, a Liverpool man, made his *début* here at the first Philharmonic Concert of the season. He was well received, and his voice much admired, but as he did not seem in the full possession of his powers, I should not like to offer a decided opinion upon his vocal merits till I hear him again. The other artists were Madame Lemmans Sherrington, who sang with great brilliancy, and created quite a *furor* in Macfarren's "May-Day," and Charles Hallé, whose performances were as chaste and unexceptionable as of yore.

MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

UNTIL the visit of the Pyne and Harrison opera troupe (just terminated) there had been a long dearth of music here, broken only by the annual winter visit of M. Jullien, who gave a most successful series of five performances. These, being of the usual kind, call for no remark, unless it be, that, judging from the reception given to the performances, M. Jullien may safely make further experiments with the masses (at least in this city) in the way of classical music.

Although the recent performances of the Pyne company at the Lyceum have been frequently reviewed in your columns, perhaps a notice from a different point of view, local and musical, may not be out of place. Next to the reappearance of the universally popular Miss Louisa Pyne, the principal feature was of course the performance of Balfe's new opera for the first time here. Public expectation had been greatly raised by accounts of the success achieved by the performance of this opera in London, but I must confess that the feeling here was one of disappointment.

I do not think Miss Louisa Pyne's voice is improved since her last visit here, before her trip to America; but in finish and purity of style she is as great as ever. Such brilliant execution, such power of sustaining the notes, such distinctness of articulation, and (last, not least) such unerring certainty of intonation,

few singers attain. Such an artist is doubly welcome at a time when systematic training is so much neglected, and singers—to use a figure—try to run before they can walk.

Any lengthened notice of the other performers is unnecessary. Mr. Harrison, by the vivacity of his acting, atones in a great degree for any other deficiencies. Mr. F. Glover has a good method of singing, but I am afraid that too early prominence is leading him to force his voice, which is not yet fully developed. Mr. Honey is a valuable member of the company, but rather inclined to over-do some of his comic impersonations. Miss Susan Pyne is always satisfactory, and in the part of Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*, evinces high dramatic power. I may mention that this opera was exceedingly well done, and the London public may look forward to a great vocal treat in Miss L. Pyne's performance of the part of Leonora.

To Mr. A. Mellon the highest praise is due for his admirable direction of the whole. The excellence of both orchestra and chorus was the subject of universal remark, although, as is always the case with touring parties, both were deficient in numbers.

I have only room to mention that Miss Arabella Goddard made an immense sensation at the Reid Commemoration Concert on Saturday evening, it being her first appearance here. May she soon come again!

I am glad to see that you are taking up the subject of the Reid bequest. It may interest you to know that the new music-room for the University, in connection with this bequest, is at last commenced, the foundation stone having been laid last Saturday, the anniversary of General Reid's birthday. It is to cost £8,000, and will, I believe, fully meet the wishes of Professor Donaldson. An organ, at a cost of £2,000, is to follow.

Edinburgh, Feb. 17.

H.

(From another Correspondent.)

One of the most successful "Reid Concerts" on record took place on Saturday, the 13th inst. I enclose you the programme.*

The singers were the "principals" of the Pyne and Harrison company, who have lately been delighting musical connoisseurs in Edinburgh. They gave a large variety of pieces from Italian, German, and English authors, with more or less success. As it was Saturday night (and you are aware that "Auld Reekie" is uncommonly devout), it was requested before the commencement of the entertainment, that there might be no "encores." Thus Miss Louisa Pyne, who sang "Casta Diva" very brilliantly, and Mr. Harrison, who gave "I love her," from *The Rose of Castille*, in the popular style for which he is noted, although called upon by the least straightlaced part of the audience (the majority), to repeat their performances, contented themselves with bowing their acknowledgments.

"Sandie" was not altogether satisfied with this arrangement, but, nevertheless, submitted to it with tolerably good grace. In the instance of Miss Arabella Goddard, however, our musical enthusiasts (and we are really musical in Edinburgh) would put up with the restriction no longer. This great and accomplished (though very young) performer had already played Beethoven's fine pianoforte concerto, with orchestral accompaniments (in C minor) magnificently—so indeed as to win the unbounded admiration of all the connoisseurs and well-informed amateurs in the concert-room. To "encore" a piece so long, however fine, was of course out of the question. But when, in the second part, Miss Goddard gave, with a delicacy, taste, expression, and brilliancy, impossible to surpass, Thalberg's arrangement of "Home, sweet home," the audience were almost frantic, and insisted so uproariously and unanimously on a repetition, that Mr. George Wood (who represents at these concerts both Gen. Reid and Professor Donaldson) was compelled to lead her once more to the pianoforte. Instead of repeating "Home, sweet home," Miss Goddard substituted a fantasia on Scottish airs, the most prominent of which were "Auld lang syne," and one of our racy, genuine, invigorating, national "reels." You may imagine the result. The first notes of "Auld lang syne" elicited a burst of applause, while the

* The programme was published in our last.

"reel," executed with an animation and a *verve* to set all Edinburgh dancing, completely turned the heads of the assembly. Miss Goddard retired amidst enthusiastic shouts of delight. It was her first appearance in Edinburgh. When she comes again she will be "fêted," and no mistake.

There was a very good orchestra which played overtures and other pieces (including the Minuet and March of General Reid) with great precision and effect, under the experienced guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon, who accompanies the Pyne-Harrison Company in their provincial tour. Mr. Carrodus, too, the young Yorkshire violinist, performed a *fantasia* on the *Trovatore* so well that it was generally regretted he had chosen such poor music for the display of his talents. Miss Susan Pyne, Messrs. F. Glover, St. Albyn, and Hamilton Braham, were also among the singers, besides Miss Thirlwall and Mr. Wallworth, who took part in one of Mendelssohn's part-songs ("When the west"), with Miss S. Pyne and Mr. St. Albyn.

It was generally remarked that this concert was better worth the £300 bequeathed by General Reid for the annual Commemoration performance than most of its predecessors, although probably not much more than one-third of the allotted sum was spent upon it.

J. L.

Edinburgh, Feb. 15, 1858.

MUSIC AT TURIN.

(From our own Correspondent, Feb. 10.)

HAVING been for the last three weeks a victim to the prevailing epidemic, "La Grippe," I have done little but sip *tisan*, and so scarcely thought it worth writing to apprise you of the fact. However, on Saturday last, my *medico* gave me permission to resume my nightly visits to the Opera, and now being competent to send you a little musical chit-chat, I lose no time in doing so.

Great changes have lately taken place at the Regio. Ever since the opening night, to which the correspondent of the *Times* alluded, at the same time stating the reasons of the general disapprobation of the performance, this establishment has been *en mauvaise odeur*. Doubtless politics have in some measure chilled the enthusiasm of the audience; but every one agrees that the directors did not exercise prudence or wisdom in the choice of their *troupe*. Mdlle. Moreau-Sainti, from the fact of her being a Frenchwoman, and more especially from her being essentially a singer of the French school, as might be supposed, would not be acceptable as the *prima donna assoluta* in a city like Turin, where Italian music and the Italian style of singing reign predominant. Then the selection of Madlle. Sanchioli, as a *prima donna*, was, at the least, a mistake. I would not for the world say anything prejudicial to this lady, for I think she has talent, and might become an *artiste*, but the directors were at fault in bringing her forward so prominently. In such parts as the Queen, in *La Zingara*, and Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgna*, she would be admirable, but Fides, in *Le Prophète*, at present is far beyond her means, and this, I imagine, they have at last discovered; for some time ago, Signor Mirate, whose performance of the Duke in *Rigoletto* I have mentioned, was indisposed and unable to sing for six successive nights, so the only choice left them was to give *Le Prophète*, with Madlle. Sanchioli, or close the Theatre. They chose the latter—which speaks for itself. But this is not all. In the early part of last week, Madlles. Moreau-Sainti and Sanchioli, aware of the disagreeable position in which they were placed, threw up their engagements, and before the week was ended, Mdme. Lancia did the same. It is said that the reason given by the last-mentioned lady to the directors, was, that she objected making her first appearance before an audience that was exasperated with the establishment, and everything and everybody concerned in it; but I have heard that the real cause of her decision is, that she has yielded to the entreaties of her friends, and has consented not to appear in public. Whether this be true or not, I cannot say, but certainly such a report is going the round of the clubs and *cafés*.

The opera at the Regio on Saturday was *I Puritani*, which, considering that Madlle. Marai is the only *prima donna* left, was about the best that could be given. Although the lady has but a small voice, and is by no means an *artiste* of the highest order, she is quite as much entitled to the post of *prima donna* at the Court Theatre as Madlle. Sanchioli; and I expect that the Turinese infinitely prefer her to the French lady, who has departed, thoroughly disgusted at not having made the *furor* she anticipated. Elvira is a character more suited to Mdlle. Marai than Berta in *Le Prophète* (but being so accustomed to Bosio in the part, I could not help missing her). She sang the whole of the music skilfully, and in the difficult *bravura* passages displayed infinitely more agility than I thought her capable of, though, at times, I was pained to observe evident signs of physical exertion, especially during the delivery of "Son vergin," which, nevertheless, she sang wonderfully well, and obtained the only *bis* of the evening. As Arturo, Signor Mirate was not nearly so successful as he had been in *Rigoletto*. His singing of "A te, o cara," however, was good in many respects—full of feeling and grace, and marked by an elegance of phrasing which is often disregarded by singers of his stamp. His propensity to the *robustissimo* style of singing marred those scenes which should be characterised by tenderness, and the absence of anything approaching to fury. Signors Benedetti and Pizzicati were the representatives of Giorgio and Ricardo; but they both seemed out of sorts, out of temper, out of voice, and most frequently out of tune, which is unpardonable in artists of their calibre. No statement was advanced why or wherefore "Suoni la tromba" was omitted. On Sunday evening (you must not be shocked), I went to the Teatro Rossini, which, since my last visit, a few evenings after my arrival here, bears a better reputation. I understand that a party of gentlemen have undertaken the management of this theatre for a short operatic season during Lent, which it is expected will be eminently successful, as they promise to give us first-rate principals, a good band, and efficient chorus, and this little theatre is decidedly the prettiest and by far the most comfortable in Turin. Who are to be the principals no one seems to know, but in a week's time we may expect to see the official prospectus.

The night that I went to the Rossini the *Barbiere* was given. Neither Rosina, nor Bartolo, nor Almaviva, were first-rate, but they all sang quite well enough, and acted with sufficient spirit and vivacity to render the performance satisfactory; and I was quite surprised to find so good and steady a band, and so much completeness in every department. Sig. Grandi, who was the Figaro, has a good voice, with (for a baritone) remarkable facility of execution, and is a good actor, though I expect his *forte* is not in buffo characters.

On Monday I went to the Vittorio Emanuele, where the performance consisted of *Mathilda di Shabran*, which, not having been heard for some years in this city, will doubtless have nearly as long a run as *Mosè*, which has drawn full houses for upwards of six weeks. I will allude to the performance of *Mathilda* after a second hearing.

February 11th.—I have just met a friend who, informs me that the directors of the Teatro-Rossini have offered an engagement for the Lenten season to Mad. Lancia, and that she seems likely to accept it. If this be true—and I have good reason for believing that it is—the report I mentioned of her having given up the profession of the stage, must be what the French call a "canard."

A YANKEE-ATHENIAN VIEW OF THALBERG.

(From "Harper's Boston Weekly.")

THE American tour of Thalberg fell in an unfortunate year, and yet his notes have not been at a discount. He has played in earnest all over the country, making it a great keyboard, over which he has run from one end to the other, and now lifts his fingers, puts one hand upon his heart, and one upon his pocket, and so bows himself gracefully away.

There has been no difference of opinion about him, as there was about Jenny Lind and other famous musical artists who have come to us. The simple perfection of his performance was at once appreciated, and always enjoyed; and yet at last

it cloyed. No one cared to hear, for more than the twentieth time, the same fantasia, played in the same way. At the twenty-first hearing, it began to sound a little trite.

But this was not the fault of the artist—if it were any fault at all. It was merely the limitation of interest in the instrument. Thalberg plays the piano as well as it can be played; but then the piano is a very circumscribed instrument. He seems to understand its resources perfectly, and to develop them with complete skill; but he is not a bit of a mountebank. He does not play with his shoulders, or body, or ambrosial locks. What the piano can do, in the interpretation of a piece of music, he makes it do—and no more.

That is the difference between Thalberg and other equally celebrated performers. Thalberg's playing is not suggestive. It is entirely satisfactory in itself (with the limitation mentioned), but it does not leave the feeling that the player could do a great deal more, nor does it raise any haunting image of a great orchestra pouring force and fulness, blood and substance, into the music the performer sketches upon the keyboard. He trills exquisitely, but he never thrills. There is exquisite symmetry in all he does; but in the greatest works of art, of every kind, there is a fragmentary and incomplete character. It is the nimbus of what might be hanging like a halo around what is.

Arion will take care that the great pianist sails smoothly wherever he goes. Triton will blow his wreathed horn before his bark; and, perhaps, some happy day hereafter, ladies of quality will part his glove among them, for souvenirs of that dexterous hand—as late befel his great rival Liszt, after a concert in Germany.

And who knows but that with much patience and many Thalbergs, even we Boeotians may one day attain to a similar homage to art and artists.

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